Wichita Eagle

ON A MAN HUNT.

Fielding Joins a Country Searching Party and Roams the Wildwood.

The Value of Crimes and Casualties as Means of Recreation to People Living in the Rural Districts.

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The crimes and misfortunes of our neighbors are far more numerous in the city than in the country, but we do not get anything like so much fun out of them. For instance, the man who lives in No. 115, right across the street, comes home intoxicated five nights in the week, but what satisfaction do I get from that? I do not know the man. He may be squandering his patrimony and bringing his wife and their two interesting English pug dogs to beggary, but not even Maude can find out whether he is or not. He could reform to-morrow without doing us any injury. But in the country a man like that would be worth something to us. We should know all about his wife and his debts and any other follies or afflictions that might have helped drive him to drink. I could pity his wife, while Maude pitied the pug dogs; and then she could go over to his house and tell him about it, thus furnishing him with an additional sorrow to drown in the cup. But in the isolation of a crowded city these joys are denied us.

I recently had an opportunity of estimating this great advantage which the country offers. Jimmy Carter invited me out to his suburban residence, about sixty miles up the state. The invitation surprised me, for we are not intimate friends. I know Jimmy well enough to cut the pack when he deals, but otherwise we have little in common, and I expected no great pleasure from my visit. He said that we might possibly go hunting; but I had no idea that we should pursue such interesting game as Rev. Cyrus Truesdell of the First church in Somesville. Yet we had that pleasure. Mr. Truesdell was kind enough to disappear on the very day of my arrival. If he hadn't I might have lived all my days without finding out how much fun there is in a country searching party.

The papers have been full of this amusement recently. An unusual number of persons have taken it into their heads to wander away from their homes, to the deep and real sorrow of their families and the delicious excitement of all their friends and acquaintances. But the thing should be seen to be appreciated.

The news of Mr. Truesdell's disappearance was brought to Mr. Carter's house by a fat and cheerful youth, who

FIELDING THANKS HIS PRESERVER.

was called only Bob in my hearing. He burst in upon us so unceremoniously that it was evident he brought news of great importance. By the expression of his rubicund visage I was prepared to hear that a gold mine had been discovered in his father's back yard.

"Mr. Truesdell's disappeared," he cried. "Nobody knows where he's gone. They're goin' to drag Hot Hole pond. I thought you might want to come an' —an'—"

He hesitated for an expression. I thought he was going to say "see the fun," but he didn't. He left the sentence unfinished.

"I've got to go over home for a rope," he added, and turned to go.

"But hold on," Carter called after him. "Tell us some more about this thing. When did Truesdell go away? And what's he supposed to be doing in Hot Hole pond?"

"He didn't come home las' night," said Bob. "Mis' Truesdell thought he was up to her Uncle John's, an' she sent 'round there this mornin', but, by Jimmyneddy, he hadn't been there at all." Bob's eyes stuck out of his head with excitement at this climax. What a pity it would have been if Mr. Truesdell had been at Uncle John's! It would have spoiled everything.

"We dunno exactly why he went away," Bob continued. "Ma's gone up to their house now to see if there's anything she can do for Mrs. Truesdell, an' to ask her if she thinks there's any other woman in it. But most people think it's sewercide."

Meanwhile Carter had sent for hats, coats and rubber boots. He looked younger than I had seen him in ten years. Life had taken on an interest. When Mills—of Dunning & Mills, who are right alongside of Carter on Warren street—skipped for parts unknown a month or two ago, Carter was only a little more cheerful than his ordinary. The police were after Mills, and whether they caught him or not made very little difference to Carter. But here in Somesville things were different. The police force consisted of a man with small authority, less ability, and no "sand" at all. If Mr. Truesdell had left his earthly tenement on this officer's doorstep, it would not have been discovered unless the ghost rang the bell. The whole town would have to unite in the search and there would be great excitement.

Carter informed me of these facts while we were getting into our rubber boots. He also threw out dark hints as to what he had always suspected that Mr. Truesdell might do. As for myself, I could not speak of the unfortunate gentleman from personal acquaintance, because I had never seen him, but I made some deeply philosophical remarks about the dark, sinful secrets which very pious men carry under their red flannel chest protectors. I have some knowledge of the world and I never hesitate to give other people the benefit of it at such a time. I showed Carter in a few forceful sentences how probable it was that Mr. Truesdell's bosom had for years been loaded with remorse.

We hurried to Hot Hole pond. It is a round and lead-colored pool, which derives its name from its reluctance to freezing. Only the severest cold can skim it over, and so it offers to suicides the great convenience of a guarantee that there need be no postponement on account of weather. After a few days' residence in Somesville, I wondered that more people did not avail themselves of this offer.

The pond is neither large nor deep, and more than half of it had been dragged when we arrived. A veteran fisherman was superintending the operations, and the instinct of his class could not be repressed by the tragic

WE START FOR HOT HOLE POND.

nature of the business in hand. Every time his grappling iron failed to bring up what was expected, he was visibly depressed by the toughness of the luck, and this would start him telling some entertaining story of an occasion when he had dragged for missing people and had got a boat load in less than half an hour. But Hot Hole pond yielded him nothing, and he was at length forced to "reel up." I judged from the tone of his conversation that he held Rev. Mr. Truesdell to be much to blame for his disappointment.

Meanwhile, I had done all that I could to help in the search. I had run around the pond ten or a dozen times and had given much valuable advice to everybody who would listen. About a hundred Somesville people had assisted me in this useful occupation. When we were not advising we were discussing Mr. Truesdell. I learned that he had had trouble in his church, and also that he had none. I was told on good authority that a scandal had crept after him from his last place of residence, and that he was thought to have eleven wives in different parts of the country. It was rumored that a few of these neglected women had traced him to his lair in Somesville, and that he had probably gone up into the woods to die. As a man of the world, I was disposed to accept the theory of the eleven wives. It is a curious coincidence that the Somesville people—who were certainly not men of the world—favored the same view. Of course, no one expressed this view openly. But we decided to scour the woods with a unanimity which showed our belief that Mr. Truesdell had hidden his guilty secret there.

It would be an inaccuracy to say that a searching party was organized. It is true that we heard plans outlined by various leading citizens, after which we all went off and did as we pleased. On one subject alone were we agreed, that if Mr. Truesdell were found alive he would be suffering from cold (for it was one of those raw and clammy spring days which are so much colder than winter), and therefore every man of us put a quart bottle of ancient and honorable "red-eye" whisky into his pocket before starting out on his melancholy errand. This provision was made entirely for the comfort of the missing man, but when we all got out into the cold woods, with the last remnants of the winter's snow slopping around our ankles, we decided not to save all the warming fluid for Mr. Truesdell. The chill was too personal for our generosity. We had recourse to the "red-eye" on our own account. The consequence was that as the shadows of evening began to fall sixty or seventy inebriated citizens of Somesville might have been seen straggling about the

CARVING THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

woods, totally oblivious of their errand, though dimly conscious that something out of the ordinary had happened.

As for me, in the earlier hours of the day I had come to the conclusion that I was the man to find Mr. Truesdell. A person experienced in the crimes and mysteries of a great city should certainly be far better able to solve this simple affair than the rustics of Somesville. With this idea in mind, I separated myself from the others almost as soon as we struck into the woods. My plan was to make my way across to a little way station on a railroad that avoided Somesville by a mile or two, and there make some inquiries about the object of our pursuit. Whether the "red-eye," to which I was wholly unaccustomed, or my general lack of familiarity with the country, interfered with my plan, I am unable to say, but the fact is that within one hour I was a dozen times more lost than Mr. Truesdell. This possibility had not occurred to me. I had supposed that with the woods full of men I should only have to lift up my voice to bring immediate assistance. So, when I perceived that I was advancing along the circumference of a circle, and had climbed the same rail fence four times, I decided that it would be wise to yell once or twice by way of experiment. It was a disastrous failure. I got scared at the vastness of the silence around me, and, starting up, I plunged ahead through the slimy underbrush. Twenty minutes later I was sitting on a small but very cold stone, which I remembered having passed several times before. I was chilled so thoroughly that the separate pieces of my spinal column knocked together with a sound like a boy learning to play the "bones." There was no doubt that I was lost, and, in the new light which that day's events had thrown upon searching parties, I had no hope that I should ever be found. I recalled the disgraceful things which had been said about Mr. Truesdell, and reflected with pride that my character was beyond reproach. I pictured the deep and poignant sorrow of my many friends and admirers. It was too much. I could not bear the thought of their grief. I arose, and clearing my throat with a little "red-eye," I yelled again.

This time it was not in vain; a voice quite near answered me. It came from beyond a clump of trees and I lost not a second in plunging through. On the other side a tall man stood in a fairly well-beaten path. I fell on my knees and thanked him as my preserver. I told him that he had laid an eternal debt of gratitude upon me. I assured him that all my debts were practically eternal, and that I would save his for the very last. Also, I said that gratitude was due him from the entire country, which would have mourned my loss. He assured me that the matter was of no consequence whatever; and then he asked what I was doing out in the woods. My spirits had revived so much at the sight of rescue that I was able to give him a vivacious account of the disappearance of Rev. Mr. Truesdell.

"Of course," said I, "the man has skipped. I saw that at a glance. He is evidently a bad egg, from all that I can find out from those who know him."

"I grieve to hear it," replied the stranger. "What have you learned about him?"

I thereupon related all the disagreeable things which had been whispered around the shores of Hot Hole pond. He appeared to be deeply moved; so deeply, indeed, that I asked if he had known the missing man particularly well.

"Quite well, young man," said he. "I am Mr. Truesdell!"

I nearly fell dead in the wet grass.

"I have been to Jonesville," he continued, "and I sent word to my family of my intention to remain over night. It seems that they did not receive it, but they must by this time have been relieved by a telegram I sent from Jonesville. I am just returning from the station at Waycross."

The remainder of our interview consisted of feeble attempts at apology from me, and as they did not appear to impress Mr. Truesdell they probably would not interest the reader.

An hour later I hired a horse and wagon and set out for a roadhouse at the north end of the woods, where I was told that most of the searchers would assemble. I found about thirty men there, including Carter, and I lost no time in telling them the news. I said: "Rejoice with me, for our worthy friend has returned."

They did not rejoice. I never saw so disgusted a set of men in my life. They appeared to regard Mr. Truesdell's conduct in remaining alive as a base injury and an attempt to cast ridicule upon Somesville.

"So he's been warm and comfortable while we've been tramping our legs off," said one.

"Perhaps he thinks it's funny to make me pull the bottom out of Hot Hole pond on a day like this," put in the fisherman. I showed them conclusively that Mr. Truesdell was in no way to blame; but they shook their heads, and the sentiment of the party was expressed by a gray-haired farmer from Somesville Center. "If Truesdell thinks this is the way to make himself pop'lar in our town, he's more darned badly mistaken than any man since the feller who told Noah it wasn't goin' to rain."

HOWARD FIELDING.

Moral Suasion.

The neighbors of Mrs. Maria Smith agreed among themselves that she had very peculiar ideas about the training of children. She had gone to the normal school for one term before her marriage, and it was commonly supposed that some of her oddities were due to that cause.

"Well, now," said Reuben Day, as he came home to dinner, "Maria Smith is a queer one, and no mistake. She is bringing up that boy of hers on mighty original principles. What do you suppose I heard her say to him this morning?"

"I'm sure I dunno," said Mrs. Day. "There's no guessing—she says so many queer things. What was it?"

"Why, you know Joe Smith cut his forefinger half off yesterday with his new fangled hay cutter, and this morning, as I was going by, I heard Maria say:

"'Now, Joseph,'—she always calls the little scamp Joseph, though the old man has never been anything else but Joe—'now, Joseph,' says she, 'you must be a very good boy, for your father has hurt his hand, and if you are naughty he can't whip you!'"—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Witherep's Wish.

"What do you think of this portrait of me, my dear?" asked Witherup.

"It is very smiling and pleasant," said Mrs. Witherup. Then she added, wistfully: "I wish you'd look like it once in awhile, John."—Judge.

The Difference.

Crummer—There is one marked difference between the city and the country.

Gilleland—What is it?

Crummer—In the country they call fun wickedness and in the city they call wickedness fun.—Life.

Understood His Business.

Fruit Vender—Why you notta tells me move on?

Policeman—Your cart is not in the way there.

Fruit Vender—Den I put ita in da way, and I wanta you tella me move on.

Policeman—What for?

Fruit Vender—Dat maka big crowd and I sella banan.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Host.

He (rapturously)—Tell me, my own, before you promised to be mine were you ever kissed by anyone?

She—Darling, I can not tell a lie. I fear I was.

He—Quick! what is the name of the villain?

She—No, dear; it is better for you not to know. He might be too many for you.—Judge.

Wanted to Get Rid of Him.

"Life is, after all, nothing but a dream," said the moralizer.

"Then wake up," retorted the debtor.—Puck.

THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

The Two Big Young Men of Massachusetts.

A City of Contrasts—Rampant Americanism—Bachelor's Rooms—Tennis in Crinoline — Plagiarism? Bosh! — In the South—Notes from New York.

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No one knows that Hon William E. Barrett, of Massachusetts, is a most extraordinary young man better than myself. I knew him when he was a schoolboy with a peach bloomy cheek. How he is bearded like a pard and wears wise-looking spectacles, but these cannot blind me to the fact that he is too young yet to be elected president. Time will mend that fault in a year.

In other words, he is thirty-four.

When Mr. Barrett left college he applied for a job on one Boston paper; stating his expectations as to pay at five dollars per week, I may add. His application was refused. He tried at another office, had better luck, became a Washington correspondent, then editor of the Advertiser and Record, speaker of the house and all sorts of nice things. He has his eye on the senate and who knows what besides?

When Barrett wants anything in particular a whole lot of respectable Bostonians get up and howl virtuous negatives, but he usually arrives, sooner or later.

The whole trouble seems to be that Barret's ancestors, instead of coming in the Mayflower and stopping in Massachusetts, came in 1630 and leisurely trundled on to New Hampshire, and that he himself graduated from Dartmouth instead of Harvard. This is something not to be forgiven on Beacon street.

All the same, Mr. Barrett and Gov. Russell—or, rather, Gov. Russell and Mr. Barrett—are two young fellows worth watching in opposing political camps.

What Contrasts.

What a city of contrasts is this! You can pay five thousand dollars a year for an apartment in the Navarro flats, or four dollars a month for one sublet corner of a room in Cherry street. And the smaller room pays the larger profit.

You can get champagne cocktails in Broadway, and a very tall and very frothy schooner of beer with free lunch for three cents on the Bowery.

You can pay one thousand dollars over the counter for an ordinary stock piano lamp or any sum you like for one built to order, or you can live on seven cents a day and no one the wiser.

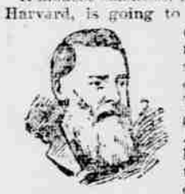
The beggar and the millionaire meet at the street corner.

The three richest men and estates in the world, bar one, are represented on Fifth avenue within one mile. And out of a million and a half people, a million and a quarter are living in tenements and cheap flats, absolutely unfit for human homes.

What a monstrous and unendurable thing is a great city!

Us Americans.

A modest scientist, Prof. Putnam, of Harvard, is going to show us Americans at Chicago more about ourselves than any of us know. There are a good many Americans who know all about the Swiss lake dwellers and nothing about the American cliff dwellers. So Putnam will have the cliff dwellers on exhibition in great shape.



I don't know how many people I've heard say they were glad as patriots, however sorry they might be as New Yorkers, that the fair is to be held in the very midmost of the country. It will result in an incalculably beneficial diffusion of knowledge about our own country.

On the other hand, the folks in Kansas City, Minneapolis and Omaha, rivals of Chicago in a way, are vigorously kicking themselves for having voted for Chicago when the question of the location of the fair was settled. The president of a big bank in Kansas City told me this very emphatically. He said that Kansas City and other western cities were very sorry now that New York didn't get the fair. Chicago is getting too much advertising to suit them, the west in general not enough.

Here's a queer topsy turvy in opinion, isn't it? Perhaps Kansas City will be consoled when it learns that visitors from "furrin" parts are likely to be as much interested in Prof. Putnam's prehistoric Yankees as in Chicago's magnificent newness.

Bachelor's Rooms.

In the delightful novels of our youth we used to read about the feminine touch in room decoration.

The old order changeth.

The novelist of 1893 will write: "In Fitz-James D'Arcy's apartments the most careless eye could not fail to note those touches of home decoration which none but a masculine hand can give."

The girl bachelors simply aren't in it with the men bachelors as room decorators, partly because they aren't so original, and more because they haven't the money.

Give a man $5,000 or $10,000 a year in New York and the chances are he'll be just ass enough to suppose that he can't get married on that. He will hire bachelor quarters for about $100 a month, share them with another young man of kindred tastes, dine at an expensive restaurant and blow in a considerable surplus in art decorations of one sort and another until at the expiration of some years the rooms are marvelously pretty.

The rooms of a young magazine editor on Fifth avenue are a case in point. A number of his friends called upon him one day, each bringing a fancy plaque or jug. Promptly he constructed a special frieze, underneath which these were hung against a mauve background. On a shelf above them, running entirely around the room, are other expensive bits of bric-a-brac. In the front room, facing the avenue, a man of many travels has hung up decorative compositions of African war clubs and other beautiful and ugly things. In the room behind are the beds of the unfortunate young celibates. A screen separates them. The room is twenty-three feet wide, high and roomy; the three open en suite.

The editor of one of the trade publications has a workroom that is a poem. It is lighted from above. The walls are cleverly treated in color, an open fire illumines the room, rare etchings and water colors line the walls. Customers like to see it.

The cost must have been considerable, but the shrewd young fellow who sits amid all this grandeur tells me that as a business investment it pays cent per cent.

Tennis in Crinoline.

Crinoline, if it comes, will give employment to one hundred thousand extra workmen and women, for which one should be thankful, as one of the good things which drift about even in an ill wind.

But what a long face the dealers in athletic goods are pulling! "Think of playing tennis in crinoline," said a dealer in sporting goods.

"I can't think of it," was my reply.

"That's just it," he said, viciously kicking his heels against the counter, "you can't do it. It's a fact that makers of lawn tennis goods have restricted their output greatly this year, waiting to see which way the cat will jump, and sales are dull all along the line. Same, I suppose, with side saddles, rowing boats, canoes and everything that would make girls stronger, happier and better wives and mothers."

What's one man's meat is the next man's poison, isn't it!

Plagiarism? Bosh!

Ask a theatrical man what he thinks about the charge of plagiarism laid against Bronson Howard and he'll answer: "Bosh!"

This talk about plagiarism in dramatic matters is getting tiresome. Bronson Howard stands admittedly at the head of the playwriting profession in America. If we had a national academy like that of France he would be the first member admitted from the great dramatic element. A quiet, unassuming man, scholarly and retiring, he kept the American drama up to a respectable level when farce comedies and leg shows came dangerously near dividing the American stage.

Have we an American drama now? Indeed we have, thanks to no one more than to him.

In the South.

Here's a comparative chronological price list of some lands near Harriman, Tenn., illustrating the rise and fall of the southern land boom: 1886, $30 an acre; 1890, $100 per front foot of a "city lot;" 1893, $30 an acre.

This was ordinary farm land, not built upon or near anything in particular to give it value.

Bostonian investors were badly bitten in the downfall of the boom. One of the boom settlements near Chattanooga has all the street names picked out of the Boston directory except two—Mississippi avenue and Sevier street.

I know a real estate speculator, a pretty decent kind of a chap, too, who used to own an iron working plant, a rolling mill or something of that kind. There were a good many carloads of machinery and he moved it from place to place, he tells me, more than a dozen times. Unprincipled boomers would hire him to exhibit it "in full operation" at some paper city, until enough town lots had been sold, when he would move to another corner of the wilderness and the same bunco game would begin again. This sort of thing was bad for the south. It has stopped, and the people down there pray that it may never begin again. Things are at a standstill now, but the vast possibilities of the south are still undeveloped. DAVID WECHSLER.

A Vast Difference.

Winterset—This trunk will do.

Clerk—But it is only half the size on the one you got for yourself before.

Winterset—I'm married now.—Judge.

The Proper Book.

Barber—What would you like to read, sir, while I am shaving you?

Briggs—Fox's Martyrs.—Brooklyn Life.

Appropriate.

Mrs. Bingo—Oh, dear! Charles, I wish I could find a good name for baby.

Charles—Why not call him "Atlantic Ocean?"

Mrs. Bingo—What for?

Bingo (wearily)—Because he never dries up.—Truth.

Not a Milliner's Business.

He—I am very glad, my dear, that you have a milliner in the house to-day, because there are a couple of buttons off my coat, and she can sew them on for me.

She—But, Paul, you surely don't think that a ladies' tailor knows how to sew buttons on gentlemen's coats?—Schalk.

He Didn't.

He was making friends with the policeman.

"My good fellow," he said, "you mustn't believe everything you hear about me."

"I don't," responded the officer. "If I did I'd run you in."—Detroit Free Press.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Presbyterian board of home missions has formed a young people's department.

—Roman Catholics are to erect an $80,000 seminary in Baltimore to train priests for work among colored people.

—Mr. Wm. Buxton, of Indianola, Ia., gives $10,000 to Simpson college, in that city, on condition that $20,000 are raised from other sources.

—President Adams of the university of Wisconsin has issued a report stating the university is badly in need of $125,000 for immediate use.

—The Presbyterian church in Japan, which is now one body, has in it at present six presbyteries, seventy-three churches, and a membership of 10,908.

—The Church Missionary society intends to continue the Soudan and Upper Niger mission, notwithstanding the death of Messrs. Brooke and Robinson.

—Mrs. Moses Hopkins, of San Francisco, has decided to bestow $50,000 and nineteen acres of land to the academy in that city which bears the Hopkins name. There is a theological seminary connected with the institution. The management of the two will be reorganized.

—The aggregate attendance at the Fulton street daily noon prayer-meetings in New York city, for 1892, was 15,226, an average of a little over 40. The founder, Mr. J. C. Lanphear, and a few of the original friends of the movement, are still in daily attendance. The number of requests for prayer received by letter was 8,758.

—It has been the custom of the Delaware legislature for many years to appropriate a small sum for annual distribution among the Sunday schools of the state, of course without any individuous distinction as to sect. The Delaware Baptist union, however, is urging the legislature to repeal the law permitting such appropriation upon the ground that it is unconstitutional to appropriate money for religious purposes.

—The Hampton institute is making an appeal for assistance, feeling that its record warrants it in so doing. The total expense of the institution is $100,000, while its regular income is but $40,000. The small sum of $20 will give a male student one year's training as a mechanic or farmer, or a female student a training in domestic service or dressmaking. The average cost of each boarding student is $157. The institution has now nearly seven hundred negro and Indian pupils.

—Signora Ribighini was the founder of the Scuola professionale at Rome, which is recognized by Queen Margherita and the municipal government as one of the most useful institutions of the city. Here girls are taught hand machine sewing, mending dress-making, embroidery, artificial flower making, cooking, washing and ironing. Such studies as geometry, drawing and painting, book-keeping and modern languages are also taught. There are at present eight hundred pupils in the school, and a large staff of teachers.

—Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist church, says that Calvin's theology found its way into Germany, where it produced the reformed church; was taught in the university of Heidelberg; extended to Holland; formed the basis of the prevailing confession there; crossed the channel into England; exerted a marked influence on the new Anglican church; ascended into Scotland; became the theological foundation of the Scotch national church; came over to this country with the pilgrims in the Mayflower in 1620, and has had no small share in molding the faith of the people in the colonies and states and the territories which have grown from them.

NEGROES IN BARBADOES.

Life Among the Blacks of the West Indian Islands.

In Barbadoes the chief enemy of the black race is consumption, of which many of them die, though it is practically unknown among Europeans. The cause is simply that the negroes hermetically seal up their huts at night, partly from fear of mysterious ghosts or "duppies," and partly to keep out mosquitoes and partly again because they wish to keep out cold. For, strange as it may appear, the naturalized West Indian negro shivers in a temperature of seventy-four degrees, and on one occasion in winter when the temperature falls to seventy degrees he is blue with cold and almost incapacitated for work. No doubt he is warm enough in his hut at night, with every shutter closed and every chink and cranny stuffed with rags, but nature avenges herself for this seclusion of her purifying oxygen by colds and coughs. The negro has quack remedies and balsams by the dozen for these, but they do not save him from the tubercle that soon forms in his lungs and eats his life away. After all, he is little missed; he has had a short life and a pleasant one. His relatives will feel pride in covering themselves with crape, for crape is de rigueur among the negresses of Barbadoes. He will probably leave after him six or seven children, mostly illegitimates, since the black ladies have strong objections to the bond of matrimony. But here the question of pounds, shillings and pence does not intrude itself as it does at home. It costs so little to bring up a black baby that there is really no reason whatever for its parents to consider its future. When it grows up an hour's work a day will keep it in food and clothes. So, in the streets of Bridgetown the happy little black imps swarm like flies and the island has the densest population per square mile of any place in the known world—that is, if what they say about Chinese statistics is true.—Waverly Magazine.

Not an Indorsement.

"Dr. Hawkins is a fine man. You should send for him. Why, he can speak twenty different languages."

"Mercy!" said the sick man. "I want to be cured, not translated."—Truth.

Touching.

Dingley—What was the most touching play you ever saw?

Caraway—"Lend me Five Shillings."—Truth.

SLEPT FOR FIVE MONTHS.

The Burning of a Tonsil Cures a Strange Case of Lethargic Sleep.

A curious case of lethargic sleep which lasted for five months has just come to the attention of the Hypnotic and Psychological society in Paris, which both they and the doctors are unable to explain. A thirteen-year-old girl of an excellent provincial family is the subject of this curious experience. While at boarding school she was suddenly frightened and became ill. She was examined by the celebrated Prof. Charcot and admitted to the insane asylum of Dr. Raffegeau at Vesinet. At this time the girl uttered a series of hoarse barks, and her wide-open mouth disclosed a highly swollen right tonsil. Every five minutes she was seized with a spasm, during which she rubbed her left eyebrow so hard with her left hand that she nearly wore it away. She was completely unconscious, and had to be nourished artificially by means of a stomach tube. Three days after reaching Vesinet she fell into syncope, which it was impossible to disturb by any physical pain. Massage and hydropathic treatment produced a visible improvement, but it was not until a few days ago that the proper remedy was discovered. Dr. Raffegeau cauterized the swollen tonsil with a redhot iron and at the same time treated the muscles under the jaw with massage. The girl gave a little scream when the iron was applied. Some hours later she was induced to repeat the vowels after the physician. Next morning she suddenly awoke, asking: "Where am I?" She had absolutely no recollection of what had occurred about her. She is now more lively than before her illness, talks incessantly and seems anxious to make up for the time she had lost by her amusing herself as much as possible.

A MOMENT OF HORROR.

On entering the hall, Lord Dusenberry was horrified at seeing "the headless lady," the hereditary ghost of his family—but investigation proved that she was no other than his daughter, Hon. Miss Spatts, in her new Paris gown.—Puck.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"Doctor," said the solicitor, "I wish you would do some advertising with our paper."

"Couldn't think of it, sir. The idea is preposterous. It is against the ethics of our profession. By the way, here's an item about a man I attended this morning. Take it down to the office, will you? And be sure to see that my name is mentioned."—Buffalo Express.

M. W. LEVY, Pres.
A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres

STATEMENT

of the Condition of the

Wichita National Bank

Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business, March 6th, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$644,904.60
Bonds and Stocks	21,872.06
U. S. Bonds	50,000.00
Real Estate	65,000.00
Due from U. S.	2,250.00
Overdrafts	1,491.25
Cash and Exchange	174,043.91
	$959,561.82

LIABILITIES.

Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	2,987.14
Circulation	45,000.00
Deposits	611,574.68
	$995,561.82

Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.